

The second part of

stewd pruius, and dried cakes: a captaine? Gods light these villains wil make the word as odious as the word occupy, which was an excellent good worde before it was il sorted, therefore captains had neede look too't.

Bard. Pray thee go downe good Ancient.

Falst. Hearke thee hither mistris Dol.

Pist. Not I, I tell thee what corporall Bardolfe, I could teare her, Ile be reuengde of her.

Boy. Pray thee go downe.

Pist. Ile see her damnd first, to Plutoes damnd lake by this had to th' infernal deep, with eribus & tortures vile also: holde hooke and line, say I: downe, downe dogges, downe faters haue we not Hiren here?

Host. Good captaine Peefcell be quiet, tis very late yfaith, I beseeke you now aggrauate your choller.

Pist. These be good humors indeede, shal pack-horses, and hollow pamperd iades of Asia which cannot goe but thirtie mile a day, compare with Cæsars and with Canibals, and troian Greekes? nay rather damne them with King Cerberus, and let the Welkin roare, shall we fall foule for toies?

Host. By my troth captaine, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone good Ancient, this will grow to a brawle anon.

Pist. Men like dogges giue crownes like pins, haue we not Hiren here?

Host. A my word Captaine, theres none such here, what the goodyeare doj you thinke I would denie her? for Gods sake be quiet.

Pist. Then feed and be fat, my faire Calipolis, come giues some sacke, *si fortune me tormente sperato me contento*, feare we brode sides? no, let the fiend giue fire, giue me some sacke, and sweet hart, lie thou there, come we to ful points here? and are & catteraes, no things?

Falst. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet Knight, I kisse thy neaffe, what, we haue seene the seuen starres.

Dol.

Henry the fourth.

Dol. For Gods sake thrust him downe staires, I cannot indure such a fustian rascall.

Pist. Thrust him downe staires, know we not Galloway naggess?

Falst. Quaite him downe Bardolfe like a shoue-groat shilling, nay, and a doe nothing but speake nothing, a shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you downe staires.

Pist. What shall we haue incision? shall we imbrow? then death rocke me a sleepe, abridge my dolefull daies: why then let grieuons gastly gaping wounds vntwinde the sisters three, come Atropose I say.

Host. Heres goodly stuffe toward.

Falst. Giue me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee Iacke, I pray thee do not drawe.

Fal. Get you downe staires.

Host. Heres a goodly tumult, ile forswear keeping house afore ile be in these tirrits and frights, so, murder I warant now, alas, alas, put vp your naked weapons, put vp your naked weapons.

Dol. I pray thee Iack be quiet, the rascal's gone, ah you horseon little vliant villaine you.

Host. Are you not hurte i th' groyne? me thought a made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Fal. Haue you turnd him out a doores?

Bar. Yea sir, the rascal's drunke, you haue hurt him sir i th' shoulder.

Fal. A rascall to braue me?

Dol. A you sweet little rogue you, alas poore ape how thou sweatst, come let me wipe thy face, come on you horseon chops: a rogue, yfaith I loue thee, thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, woorth fine of Agamemnon, & ten times better then the nine Worthies, a villaine!

Fal. Ah rascally slave! I will tossie the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do and thou darst for thy heart, and thou dost, ile canuas thee betweene a payre of sheetes.

E

Boy.